Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, September 6, 1940. | 77th Year.

The Crisis at Pelican Isle

By G. E. McKean
For the Messenger

THE trees on Pelican Isle, hunch-backed from withstanding the strong trade winds that blew ten months of the year, were bending low now as the gale tore out of the slaty east.

"The trestle's doomed!" Will Bennet shouted, cupping his hand to make his voice carry. "The seas are pounding it, hard!"

Ed Gordon nodded. He was standing on the spider-legged wharf watching the rollers come in through the gap in the sand bars off shore. Waves, gray green waves, filled with sand that had boiled up from the bottom, were cresting in. It was some blow!

"And the boss is on the phone!"

Ed smiled grimly. Mr. White, the owner of the Palmetto Shrimp Company, wouldn't be on the phone long. The power line was down now. Hadn't that new fellow that the boss had sent down from Jacksonville been tearing his hair? "How are we going to load the trucks?"—that had been his worry.

"It's too bad, about Mr. White," Will said.

It was. Everyone knew about the tough luck that Mr. White, the owner of the shrimp fleet and the head of the shrimp company on Pelican Isle, had been having. First, there had been no shrimp, for weeks and weeks. Shrimp were funny. You found them where you found them. And sometimes you searched and searched, and the shrimp were not there. And then, a shrimp boat had piled up on a sandbar. that had meant a tug from Jax, and the overhauling of the shrimp boat when it had been pulled off the bar. The bill . . . well the bill had been plenty. And then, shrimp, and no market. And obligations to meet.

"Mr. White wants those shrimp headed north, tonight," Will Bennet said.

WEIGHTED DOWN, BUFFETED BY WIND AND WAVES, HE SWAM ON DETERMINEDLY.

OUT of the east, the sky like steel, the sky pressing down so close to a wild sea that the waves seemed to be reaching for the clouds, a gale howled. The boss wanted the fleet of trucks to head north, to the cities, where a demand for shrimp had arisen. And they had the shrimp, plenty of shrimp, down in the great store room, only the power was off.

"How can we get them out!" shouted the young fellow Mr. White had put in charge while he ran the office at Jacksonville. "How . . ."

"The trestle's gone!" Will Bennet said.

And the trestle had crumpled. A wave had raced in, a wave that boiled and crested, and out where the wooden trestle spanned the shallow water

across the main channel from Pelican Isle to the mainland, and the highway, the wooden under-pinning had gone down and the plank highway had crumpled.

Men came scurrying out of the plant and stood looking at the tangle of boards and timbers that stuck up out of the water or floated in to shore.

"I guess that finishes it!" said one of the men. "We're through!"

There the fleet of trucks stood, and there were shrimp to load them with, too, down in the great store room. But, the power line was down, and the endless belt that conveyed the boxes from the store room to a loading platform was usless. And now, a final catastrophe, the trestle had gone down.

The gale increased. The wind shrieked. The green gray waves crested in.

And all the shrimp boats were down the coast, having put in at every little port and cove between Tarpon Key and Cedar Cove.

A young fellow, his hair dishevelled, stamped out from the unpainted board office. He tramped down to the wharf.

The assembled men were silent, and stood watching.

"I am quitting!" the young fellow said, addressing no one in particular. He got into a motor boat. Across from Pelican Isle lay the mainland, and the highway that ran north, to the industrial cities, miles and miles up the lonely coast.

"Aw, say!" Ed said . . . then was silent.

"I'm through!" the young fellow said. He was feeling sorry for himself. The power line was down . . . there was no use trying to do things . . . with all the machinery idle . . and to cap it all, the bridge over to the mainland had gone out. Say, what could a fellow do? And he had just been given a chance at the job of running the warehouse on Pelican Isle.

The motor boat chugged. "You can tell him," the young fellow referred to Mr. White, "there's nothing that can be done!"

And then he was gone . . . feeling sorry for himself . . . and didn't know that Ed Gordon too was feeling sorry for him.

* * *

THERE was dead silence, as a group of men watched the boat nose her way towards the mainland shore. There was dead silence. The men were stunned and taken aback. They had never heard the like . . . A fellow who was supposed to be in charge of things losing his nerve and running away.

"He doesn't know," Ed said.

Some of the men turned.

"He doesn't know what, Ed?" Will asked.

"He doesn't know that although things do look bad, every essential thing is all right," Ed said.

The men started . . . it was as if an electric shock had passed through the dazed group. Say, that was true! The power line was down, but they had their hands, hadn't they? The trestle was out, but . . . well, they'd tackle that when they came to it.

"Will you take charge, Ed?" Will asked.

"You'll all do what you can?"

There was a shout of assent.

"Look at those muscles!" One-eyed Joe, his black face gleaming, said, and flexed his arm.

"There was a time when we did all the loading by hand," another man spoke up.

"All right, load!" Ed said.

He helped, when he wasn't out on the loading platform, saying, "Back that truck here, Jim! Take it easy, now!"; or when he wasn't in the office. For the boss, up in Jacksonville, was frantic.

"Say," Mr. White said, phoning down, "what about things down there?"

"Everything's all right," Ed said.

"Everything's all right! Why I thought . . . "

Well what he thought was correct. The power line *was* down. The trestle was smashed, in one spot, where it crossed the channel. How the waves tore in and hissed through the gap!

"Everything's all right, Mr. White," Ed. said.

And then the telephone line went out of commission too.

That was a relief, in a way. It gave you time to work.

"Listen," Ed said to Will, "how are we going to get those trucks across?"

There they stood, fifteen trucks, with palm trees painted on their sides, the trade mark of the shrimp company.

"If only there was one of the boats in," Will said.

If only there had been . . . even the decrepit Rosa. If there had been, they could have loaded a truck on board and ferried it across. But every single boat was out.

* * *

ED went down to the wharf and watched the waves that were pouring in the gap between the sand bars and sweeping up the channel.

"Maybe," Ed thought, "we could stop that!" He stood looking at the waves. If some of the men cut palmetto logs, and rafted them out, and sank them in the sand of the nameless islands they might break the force of the waves.

The men worked. Trees were felled. And straining at cables, half wading, half swimming, the men dragged the logs out to where the sand islands made a barrier, and the barrier made a harbor of sorts. And then, standing almost waist deep in the swirling water, the men drove the palm trunks into the sand. One here . . . another there . . . a longer trunk wedged across between the uprights . . . and they had a barricade of sorts erected.

"She's catching sand," one of the men shouted.

That was what they had hoped for. Of course, the channel would be blocked temporarily. But after they had taken the trucks across to the mainland they could blast the sand and the trunks out of the channel.

The waves didn't sweep in with such force now. "The harbor's just like a lake," one of the men said.

"Just like a lagoon," another one added.

The men were standing on the shore, drenched, facing the sea that raged beyond the barricade.

"We ought to have done that before," one of the men spoke up.

Well, they should have . . . but they hadn't thought of it. Ed turned from the sea and looked at the long causeway that ran from the island to the mainland. There, half way across, was the gap in the centre where the trestle across the channel had collapsed. And somehow, some way, he'd have to get the trucks across that gap.

"There's the scow," Will said.

"And the old donkey engine," Ed said.

Men, willing men, working, straining, tugging at cables, pitting their strength against the perversity of inanimate objects.

It was grab, hold, and shove, and grunt.

"Get the rollers ready! Easy now, or we'll have her bogged down in the sand! Easy!"

* * *

AND then again a straining of muscles, a bending of backs, as the old stationary engine was run down, across the sand, to the causeway, and out to where the trestle had gone to pieces.

"I'll take the cable across," one of the men said.

Water . . . and a strong wind.

"It's almost a quarter of a mile swim," Ed said.

And out at sea there had been a triangular fin moving back and forth,

"I'll take the cable across," the man said.

"You'll stay here," Ed said. "I'll go!"

He slid into the water. Some one would have to take that rope across, and a pulley, and some tools, and set a tripod up on the other side of the gap. And then swim back, once at least, so the rope running through the pulley could be fastened to the donkey engine. After that, if things went all right, their task would be easy.

Waves slapped Ed in the face. The

(Please turn to Page 13.)

When Ships Went to Sea

By Walter K. Putney

For the Messenger

AT the time of Columbus, ships went to sea for just two purposes—to catch fish and to trade with other countries. There were no trips for tourists and people never went just for the pleasure of taking the voyage.

Few men took a long trip, when they would be out of sight of land, more than three or four times in their lives. They actually thought they would be tempting fate if they did so.

This belief about not going to sea too often comes also from the ancient Greeks, for we note that one of these old Greek writers said a merchant was especially favored of the gods if he went on three long journeys across the sea and returned safely.

Can you picture a scene of sorrow and sadness on the part of a family when one member took the terrible trip across the Adriatic Sea! Even that body of water which today we consider a comparatively small part of as very dangerous for travel, and of the earth's water area was thought filled with all kinds of sea demons, monsters and spirits. There was very little traffic on the Mediterranean Sea, in Greek and Roman times, except along the coast of southern Europe and most ships that dared to enter those waters kept within sight of land if possible.

* * *

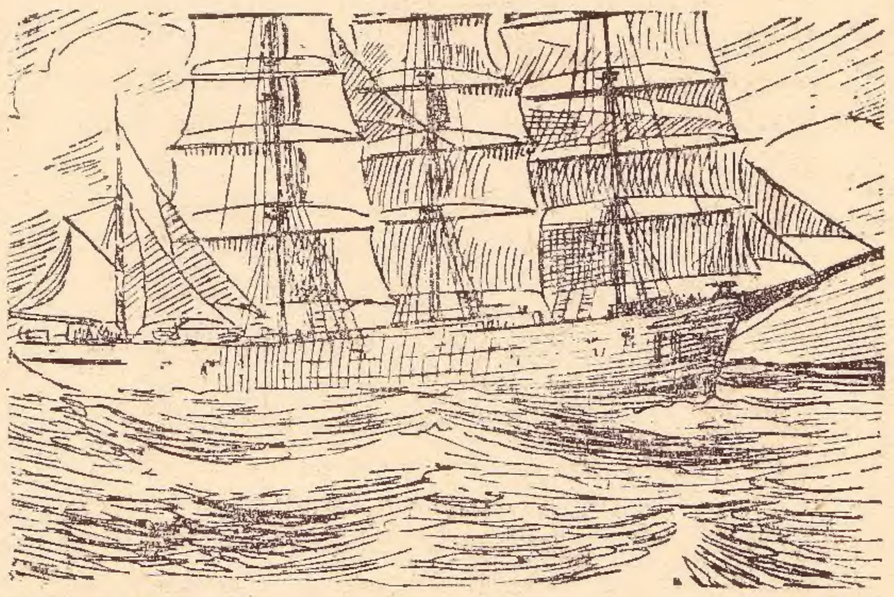
THE Egyptians were the first to build ships to cross that sea and each vessel had a figure head to guide and protect the ship. From that time, up to the period of Columbus, people were considered very daring who made a journey that took them out of sight of land for over one night. Records show that it was the custom for such people to make their wills before leaving on a journey and to bid family and friends farewell in that few really believed that they would return.

The Phoenicians were the most daring voyagers of old times. Setting out from their sea-ports of Tyre and Sidon they established many colonies in the Western Mediterranean. It seemed at one time as if their great city of Carthage would dominate all Southern Europe as well as North Africa.

The Phoenicians reached Britain, where they exchanged Oriental products for the tin of Cornwall. Perhaps they were the forgotten mariners who opened up communication between Ireland and Crete and the Philistine cities of Southern Palestine. The Cretan labyrinth appears frequently in old Irish sculptures and a few years ago Professor Petrie found an ancient Irish brooch in his excavations at Gaza.

Later on, about the 5th century A.D., we find the Norse adventurers who plundered the coasts of Britain and Western Europe and who made settlements in these countries which have affected the course of history.

Norsemen colonized Iceland and Greenland and about 1000 A.D. had



settlements on the North American continent, which they called Vinland from the grapes they found in the woods.

No ships ventured down the west coast of Africa, mainly because there were no trading centres on that coast. Also, the Atlantic Ocean was considered as the most dangerous of all waters and, while trade had been carried on with the natives of the Canary Islands, it was believed that those islands were the western edge of the world.

Beyond the Canaries, there had been no exploration whatever and when Columbus suggested going in that direction, the most experienced mariners shook their heads in grave doubt. On one of those islands was and still is a volcano. That, to the old-time sailor, was the warning of the sea gods not to proceed further. Historians tell us that this same belief precluded any extensive exploration of the islands of the Pacific.

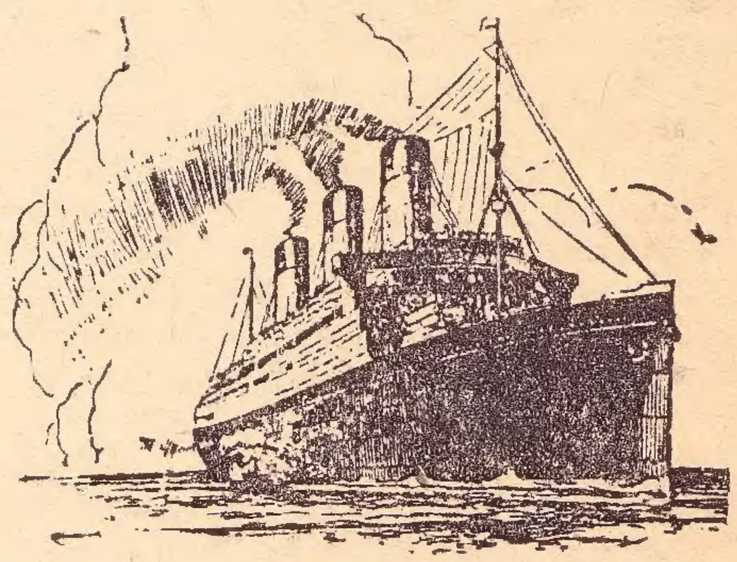
* * *

IT is interesting to note the beliefs about volcanoes, in regard to sailing vessels. The word, volcano comes directly from the Latin word, *vulcanus*. This name was given because it was believed that, in burning mountains were the forges of Vulcan, the god of fire and the arts connected with fire. At these forges were wrought the armor and weapons for all the gods and especially those of the heroes Achilles and Hercules. The thunder-bolts, which we call lightning, were also made at the forges of Vulcan.

If a volcano was active, that was a sign that Vulcan was at work and must not be disturbed. Therefore, if a ship was sailing toward an island where a volcano was erupting lava and flames, its course was changed so that it would not go near that place, for fear of disturbing the god of fire. The demons and monsters of the sea lay in wait for any ship that tempted fate by a close approach to the volcano.

Such beliefs had a firm hold on all people when Columbus was trying to get up his expedition to sail to the west. Yet the first scientist to declare the earth to be a sphere was a Greek astronomer who lived in Alexandria, Egypt, two hundred years before the birth of Christ. Not much attention was paid to his theories, though they were proven correct; but the learned men of Arabia went further than the first astronomer and put forth the theory of the revolution of the earth, the movements of the other planets and the relation of sun, earth and moon.

Not until the Turks drove these men from Arabia did the educated people and scientists of Europe become acquainted with the true facts about the



earth. Even then, superstition had too firm a grasp upon people to permit any changes.

MARTYR!

A farm laborer was discussing his master with another. "He's about the meanest man I ever worked for," he said. "Why, this morning he asked me how many eggs I was going to eat, and I told him that I never counted them. 'Well,' he said, 'that last was the seventh,' and it made me so annoyed that I got up and walked off to work without my breakfast!"—Meth. Recorder.

"For the Honour of the Clan"

By Emma Gary Wallace

For the Messenger

IMPORTANT PEOPLE

DUDLEY WEATHERBY, eldest son of **MRS. WEATHERBY** and heir to the Weatherby farm and peach orchard.

BRUCE WEATHERBY, Dudley's younger brother, who was intended by their grandfather to inherit a share in the estate, but cannot support his claim and Dudley takes control. Bruce gets a job away from home. An urgent phone call summons him back. Something has happened to Dudley.

BRUCE didn't stop for breakfast. He lost no time in getting in touch with John Barry. An hour later, Bruce and a mechanic from the Airways Factory took off from their landing field in the sturdy, small aircraft known as "The Patrol."

"We'll fly over the hills," Bruce said, "and if those ruffians have double-crossed Dud, we'll be sure to pick up the trail somewhere."

Bruce's companion was at the controls and Bruce kept watch, grim and determined. They were flying over the foothills now and the Little Branch was like a silver ribbon in the morning sun. 'The Patrol' scouted back and forth over many miles of territory leading to the mouth of the Big Branch.

It was Bruce who cried out excitedly, "There's a human form down in the ravine at the front side of that level plateau!"

"A lucky break," shouted the mechanic. "We can land on the level place and see what's doing."

They landed safely and headed the plane into the wind to be sure of its lifting power when they were ready to take off again.

* * *

IT was Dudley, broken and badly injured, who looked up at last, scarcely recognziing Bruce who had taken his hand, and was urging gently, "Whats happened, old man? It's Bruce. I'm here to help you."

A groan from Dudley was his answer as the injured fellow lapsed into unconsciousness.

After much difficulty, Bruce and his companion managed to get Dudley up the side of the ravine and into the cockpit of the little airplane.

"The Hammond Hospital?" the mechanic inquired briefly..

Bruce nodded.

It was several days before Dudley was able to do much talking.

"I've a surprise for you, my friend," the doctor smiled one morning. "It'll be better for you than medicine."

The door opened and Mrs. Weatherby came in.

"Oh, Dudley, I'm so thankful you are going to live!"

Tears were streaming from her eyes.

"Where's Bruce?" he questioned huskily, clinging to her hand.

"Right out in the hall."

"Please send him in. I—I want—I must see him—alone. It was—so good —of you—to come—Mom. I'm sorry—I've worried—you so."

* * *

SOFTLY the door opened and Bruce tip-toed to his brother's bedside.

"Don't talk, Dud," he whispered, "you'll be all right if you take it easy. We'll talk later."

Bruce put his hand gently on the bandaged forehead.

"I—I hope you'll forgive me, Bruce, for—for the wrong I have done you. You—don't know—yet—Bruce. As I lay in the gully, I—prayed to be given a chance to undo the harm—my terrible greed had done.

"It was all—because I put God out of my life—thought I could get along without Him. Different from now —on—"

"There, don't talk, Dud, old chap," Bruce urged. "There'll be plenty of time to tell me what you want to."

"Listen," Dud managed to say, "then —I'll—rest—"

"All we care about now, Dud, is *you*. I'll be back in a little while when the doctor will let me. Mother is to stay over in Hammond as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Barry at their home. Now I must go."

"I even went in—with the dope smugglers," Dud went on, "on the promise of quick wealth and plenty of it—I—to — put — up certain sums of money. They double-crossed me—robbed me—clubbed me—over the head—pushed me into the ravine—left me—for dead."

Dud's voice trailed away.

"And to think how I'd—treated you —my own kid brother. It'll be different—from now on. And just—to think you forgave me—and saved—my life!"

It was several days later when Dudley, beginning to be like himself again, was permitted to say what he wanted so much to say.

"I've a surprise for you, Bruce," Dudley began at once. "Grandfather Weatherby actually *did* make a second will, naming you as a joint heir with me.

"But I really didn't find that will until after I came into possession of the property. However, I yielded to the temptation to keep still about it. Someway I could never bring myself to the point of destroying it. It—it always seemed—as if Someone were really watching to see—what the real Dudley would do about it. I believe it was then that I began to get meaner and meaner to you. A terrible battle was raging inside of me.

"As I lay in the ravine, dying, I believed, I saw myself as even worse in the human scale than the smugglers —and I prayed to live to confess to you that you were justified—in despising me. I can never tell you—how contemptible I discovered I'd been to you and to Mom.

"Maybe, Bruce, you wouldn't have rushed to my rescue—if you'd known."

* * *

THE tears were trickling down Bruce Weatherby's face.

"You'll be surprised, Dud, perhaps," he said slowly, "when I tell you I knew about that Will before I went to find you in the plane. I came across the will accidentally when I was home. I couldn't bear the idea of money—property—separating our family. You know how Mom always felt and so I tried to *feel right* in my own heart and to trust God would solve our problem, and He surely has. I'm so glad."

"So am I," Dudley breathed earnestly. "So thankful!"

"Now I've got a little surprise for you Dud," Bruce went on. "I've long had a certain idea—simple and practical, about a landing device. Mr. Barry encouraged me to think it had value. I've worked on it and now thanks to him, I've been offered quite a bit of money for my rights in it. I was working on it when Mr. Barry was at our house. I've been fussing with it ever since. Maybe you and I, Dud, can do something worth-while for the honor of the Weatherby Clan yet. Mom and you and I'll be having grand times together one of these days!"

Dudley reached out a thin white hand and grasped that of his younger brother. He didn't speak. He didn't need to!

"Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends. Come let us read."

—Emilie Poulsson.

HOW SHOULD WE PRAY?

IN this outspoken article, the Leader of the Salvation Army suggests that much so-called prayer today is selfish in conception. He calls all Christian men and women to give themselves wholeheartedly to sincere prayer that righteousness may prevail.

DURING these days of tragedy and stress many earnest Christians are sorely perplexed concernnig prayer. . . . So, in the London *Christian Herald,* writes General Carpenter, a man who won the respect and love of Canadians when, as Commissioner, he headed the Salvation Army in this country. He continues:

The only petition that we have warrant to make with certainty of its answer is that righteousness may prevail.

We cannot deny that much of supposed prayer of today is really selfish in its conception.

* * *

WAR, with all its accompaniments, is full of inconvenience to the community and to individuals, and brings with it grief and distress and bereavement. Have we forgotten how churches and chapels were crowded with people who prayed for peace at the time of the British Prime Minister's visits to Munich in 1938?

When the crisis had passed, I failed to notice great crowds gathering in thanksgiving to God for our deliverance. Nor can we say that, as a nation, we applied our hearts to seek to know the will of God, whose aid we so eagerly sought in the hour of stress.

There is much of misconception in regard to the nature of true prayer. Many appear to imagine its purpose is to change the Lord's attitude toward us. Prayer is first an outbreathing of desire that the soul might be brought into harmony with God's will.

Prayer can be effective only when it is presented in a spirit of submission to the Divine, and when it is the expression of the whole life's purpose, and not merely the utterance of the lips.

* * *

THE Christian world is not, I fear, in an attitude reasonably to expect, in answer to prayer, a turning aside of forces which at the moment are full of omens of suffering. Take the English-speaking nations. Much of the spirit of these peoples is influenced by the teachings of Christianity—which have long been accepted as a part of their moral standards—yet no one can say they are truly Christian, that is, expressing in all their ways the spirit of Christ. In many respects they have

GENERAL CARPENTER

for years been drifting into virtual paganism, more dangerous because it has been covered with a cloak of moderate decency.

Some figures published by *The Times* recently in regard to religion in Great Britain were a revelation of this drift toward godlessness. For example, among evacuees from one of our large cities it transpired that more than fifty per cent of the children were unaware of the Name of the central figure in the Christmas festival. Three out of five of some high school scholars were without any religious affiliations.

My citing of these facts must not be taken to mean that I regard the English-speaking peoples as being more godless than others. On the contrary, I believe they are among the most decided factors in promoting and maintaining righteousness in the world today.

But the professedly Christian nations are so far from conforming to the will and ways of God, that I fear he may be unable to bring the world into the enjoyments of peace until we have passed through a crucible of suffering.

* * *

SUFFERING in itself, I know, has no redemptive power. Yet frequently it brings the human spirit to realize its true condition of need, a state of willingness to accept the cleansing and healing powers of the Holy Spirit.

It is important that Christian men and women should give themselves wholeheartedly to prayer, going down before God with sincere hearts. Many, no doubt will re-echo the words of the Apostle Paul: "We know not what to pday for as we ought." But thank God for the continuance of the utterance, "The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us."

Let the Christian Church prepare itself for confession of sin, and for a lively repentance of shortcomings, of selfishnses, of un-Christlikeness—in the home and in business relations—of worldliness, of apathy concerning the vital thing of Christ's Kingdom. The Church of God on its face before Him, receiving His touch, His vision; a revived Church, going forth with strong, radiant witness of His saving, satisfying and sanctifying power, would prepare the highway along which our Lord could bring healthful peace.

* * *

THERE are honored servants of God today who fear the effects of peace coming to us apart from a great awakening of spiritual life among the nations. They fear an "easy" peace would lead to further neglect of Divine things, and to such an increase of godlessness that civilization itself would be almost certainly destroyed.

Let us pray with pure desire, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and putting ourselves, our lives, all that we are of body, soul and spirit, in line with Him, we will help in the bringing of the Kingdom of peace.

I do not suggest, however, we shall be saved from sorrow in the coming days. "In this world ye shall have tribulation," said our Lord Jesus, "But be of good cheer, I have overcome." If we pray and live in the spirit, we shall be prepared not only to meet and endure sorrows that may invade our lives, but we shall bear so effective a witness to the power of Christ that others in increasing numbers will be won to His way.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The fear of the Lord,
Is the crown of wisdom,
Making peace and perfect health to flourish.

* * *

To fear the Lord
Is the root of wisdom;
And her branches are length of days.

—Ecclesiasticus (Apocrypha)
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We cannot pay for Poems.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sat. : Thy word have I hid in my heart. Ps. 119:11

Mon. : O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord.—Jer. 22:29

Tue. : Hear ye and give ear; be not proud: for the Lord hath spoken.—Jer. 13:15

Wed. : This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth my praise.—Isa. 43:21

Thu. : Sing unto the Lord a new song. —Isa. 42:10

Fri. : A faithful witness will not lie. Prov. 14:5

Sat. : O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.—Ps. 107:15

"As Christians our task is to inspire the nation."

If we would be masters of gracious living we must cultivate the quality of gentleness.—Peterson.

"Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth."

That quest of the inward ideal, that impatience with every stage of attainment, is God's drawing of the soul into fellowship with himself.—Cosmo Gordon Lang.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

"SUFFER the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not." Is it possible that anybody could forbid them? Yes, it certainly is.

The cold blast of criticism or the suggested doubt of whether it is possible to listen to God can do incalculable harm to young lives. Let those who have been guilty take heed to Christ's words: "It were better that a millstone be tied round his neck. . ." Let them repent, and begin to make restitution for the past.

Think of the possibilities for the coming generation if clergy and teachers began in every Sunday School and every classroom to teach children to listen to God, to learn that prayer is not only talking to God but asking Him what He wants us to do.

"Listen," "listen," "listen," urged the prophets. "Hearken unto me ye stout-hearted that are far from righteousness." "Hearken unto me, my people; and give ear unto me, O my nation; for a law shall proceed from me." Here is security for the children—true security. And in teaching the children we shall learn ourselves.—Stephen Foot.

GUARD AND STRENGTHEN

"The challenge to us is not only to guard these hard-won values (of life and liberty) but to strengthen the moral and spiritual foundations from which they spring."—Robert T. Jones, Governor of Arizona.

HEARING GOD

Absolute obedience is the only qualification, for God has no favorites. When an individual fails to listen, something is missed from the Plan which God is trying to express through our finite minds.

SURSUM CORDA

NOT without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not to be dismayed at the "rests." If we look up God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear.—John Ruskin.

HE UNDERSTANDS

HE hears, He loves, He understands, He receives, and He separates from our prayer all that is imperfect, ignorant and wrong, and presents the rest, with the incense of the great High Priest, before the throne on high; and our prayer is heard, accepted and answered in His name.—A. B. Simpson.

RELIANCE

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

RIGHT THINKING

THE importance of right thinking cannot be exaggerated, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If a man's thinking is wrong, his feeling, and judging, and choosing cannot be right.

But when the Holy Spirit is in possession and control "every thought is brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ"; and when that is done his thoughts and decisions and discernments fall into the line of the will of God.

That is theologically and psychologically sound. With the materials of heart, and conscience, and will, the temple of Christian character is built up on the foundation of a Spirit-possessed and Spirit-controlled mind.—Dr. Graham Scroggie.

"FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE"

We love peace as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.—Douglas Jerrold.

JESUS ONLY

"Jesus, Thou art enough,
The mind and heart to fill;
Thy patient life to calm the soul,
Thy love, its fear dispel.
Oh, fix our earnest gaze
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That with Thy glory occupied
We elsewhere none may see."

Young People's Bible Reading

"Thy Presence"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
SEPT. 15, 1940.
Psalm 139:1-12, 23, 24.

WE have seen that the Hebrew people were very conscious of the Presence of God. This faith is very wonderfully brought out in the One-hundred-and-thirty-ninth Psalm.

We shall get most good by reading it over quietly and letting it "grip" us. A little word of comment here and there may, however, bring the meaning of some of its verses out more clearly.

"THE REAL PRESENCE"

O LORD Thou has searched me and known me.—"No thought escapeth Him, neither any word is hidden from Him. . . . The works of all flesh are before Him, and nothing can be hid from His eyes. He seeth from everlasting to everlasting." (Ecclesiasticus —Apocrypha) See Heb. 4:13.

You remember the strange but beautiful story of Hagar in the wilderness. (Gen. 16:13; 21:12-20)

Thou compasseth my path.—Literally, "My path and my lying down Thou hast sifted."

"A metaphor from a winnower who separates carefully the chaff from the wheat." (Huntingdon and Metcalf)

Compare "The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore. . ." (Matt. 10:29-31)

There is not a word.—Literally, "When a word is not (yet) upon my tongue, lo, Thou, O Lord, hast known it altogether." (See 1 Chron. 28:9) God not only knows the words we have spoken but our very thoughts, as yet unspoken.

Thou hast beset.—Surrounded, influenced. A saintly old scholar whom I knew used to translate this verse, "Before and behind me Thou art round about me and puttest down over me Thine hand."

Sometimes when we think God is hindering and disappointing us, He is but guarding us with His love, and the darkness is but the shadow of His protecting hand.

It is high.—The word means "inaccessible." In Deut. 2:36 it is translated "too strong." The Psalmist cannot fathom this amazing thought. Neither can we but we can rest secure in it.

Like birds that slumber on the sea
  Uncertain how the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
  Of love that circles stars and suns.

The Psalmist thinks of God's presence everywhere.

O Thou, who art the Father of all spirits and the giver of all good, in thanks beyond what words can speak, we would here adore Thee. Thou art the Eternal Goodness. In this faith do we rest... Over all that is and all that can be, extends Thy conquering love. From Thy spirit which sustains us we cannot go. From Thy presence which surrounds us we cannot flee.

Thou callest us home from our wanderings. . . . We know that Thou art good, and we cannot measure the power of Thy love. Help us, Father, to lean our hearts on Thee. May we be sure that no harm can ever come from Thee to us. . . . And so trusting Thee, loving Thee, and doing Thy will, may we be indeed Thine for evermore. Amen.

(A Book of Song and Service)

In Hell.—Sheol. In Hebrew thought the abode of the dead. God is there also. Just follow out in your mind all the wonder of this thought.

The wings of the morning.—"The first rays of the sun which stretch like outspread wings." (Dummelow)

Uttermost parts of the sea.—The Mediterranean over which the Hebrews saw the sun setting. "If I arise on the wings of the sun and accompany him till his setting, in all that great path Thy hand will lead me and uphold me."

What a grand thought for our aviators. What a grand thought for us all.

Hans Andersen has a lovely little story about a young sailor in the Arctic and what comfort this verse brought him.

I am sure it has often helped and strengthened a boy or girl going away from home. Wherever we are, God's protecting care is over us and around us.

GOD'S THOUGHT FOR US

BUT the Psalmist is awed and almost affrighted at this overpowering thought of God. Like Adam and Eve in the garden (Gen. 3:8) he wants to hide but he knows that he cannot.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall
  overwhelm me,
And the light about me shall be
  night;
Even the darkness hideth not from
  thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both
  alike to thee.

(Modern Reader's Bible)

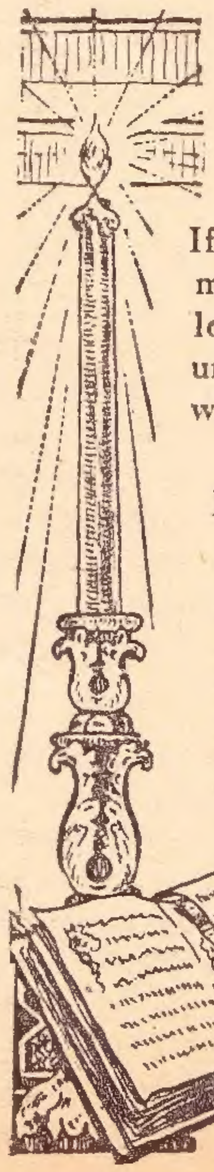
Our study omits vv. 13 to 16 but we can read them to ourselves so as to follow the Psalmist's thought. Here he tells the wonderful and beautiful thing that even before our birth God cares for us.

I will give thanks unto thee: for I
  am fearfully and wonderfully
  made;
Wonderful are thy works;
And that my soul knoweth right
  well.

Thy thoughts.—God is thinking many "precious thoughts" about us. Isn't that wonderful? And doesn't it help one? (Compare Jer. 29:11)

If we wake in the morning to the consciousness that we are "still with God" and that God is with us it will help us greatly through the day.

Surely thou wilt slay.—Verses 19-22 are omitted from our study. They break strangely into this beautiful Psalm. But they had their place in the Psalmist's mind. A good man in those days could not distinguish between hating the sin and hating the sinner. God is so wonderful in His care for each one of us that the Psalmist is "grieved" and indignant that anyone should rebel against Him.



Memory Verse

If a man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. —John 14:23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Ps. 139:1-12, 23, 24.
Tue.—Eccl. 5:1-7.
Wed.—Acts 27:18-26.
Thu.—Matt. 4:1-11.
Fri.—Isa. 41:8-13.
Sat.—John 1:1-9.
Sun.—Ps. 61:1-8.

The Curtailed Press

ONE of the Belfast newspapers has been very vehement in its exhortations to prosecute the war with all the vigor possible, says *Evrybody's Monthly.* Its correspondence columns have been full of letters urging greater efforts and pointing out weaknesses that might be remedied. Unfortunately this journal has had to be cut down to half its ordinary size so that space is limited and precious. One might have imagined that there was none to spare for anything but matters of real importance.

It was surprising, therefore, to read in a recent editorial article that it was impossible "through severe pressure on our space to print more than a representative selection of our readers' letters." The surprise was due to the fact that in the same issue—and in several others—an amount of space equivalent to more than a column of small print was devoted to greyhound racing, with betting odds and full details.

No room for correspondence relating to the war effort, but a column for a "sport" which was candidly described to us by one who took part in it and was himself the owner of two greyhounds, as "Just a lot of roguery; I try to do the bookie and the bookie tries to do me."

COMMENTING on the fact that since the war commenced there had been 22 deaths from road accidents in the blackout, the Hull City Coroner (Dr. N. Jennings) said that in the bulk of these cases there had been evidence that the deceased persons had been to public houses or clubs, and were. in most cases, elderly people.

Drink Casualties

ALL the casualties in Great Britain are not the result of "enemy action," at least not of the actual fighting foe. There is an enemy at home not less deadly than the tank or the aeroplane which produces casualties of its own.

So many fatalities occurred at a "Western port" that the authorities sent a special Commissioner to inquire into the cause. During the winter, in the black-out at nights, a large number of people lost their lives by falling into the harbor. The cause was not far to seek.

Even in normal times when there is no black-out, men coming out of public-houses and trying to go on board a ship in the dark frequently find themselves in the water.

In the port to which we refer it was decided to put railings round the harbor. This, remarks one of our contemporaries, "is the usual official way of dealing with an evil, not to get rid of the source but to prevent its worst effects."

When the matter was considered at the local Town Council one member interjected the sound suggestion that "it was railings round the pubs, not round the harbor that were required." —Everybody's Monthly.

LET US MAKE MEN

Let us make men, alert, erect and strong,
For Conflict girt, intent as surging life,
Men who can meet the morrow with a song,
Bearing a quenchless hope amid the strife,
No more let men be doomed to fail at birth,
Let them be destined to be kings of earth.

—Exchange.

"Alcoholism destroys the possibility of healthy housing, renders child life unsafe through cruelty, neglect, dirt and malnutrition."—Sir Arthur Newsholme, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
—Byron: 'Childe Harold'.

The Life Must Be True

When faith and hope and sacrifice are demanded one cannot get them by exhortation, by waving a wand of words to conjure his enthusiasm up. Nothing will do but a world view adequate to supply motives for the service it demands. Nothing will do but religion.—Sel.

"THY PRESENCE"

SEARCH ME, O GOD

IN the earlier verses of his Hymn the Psalmist had been almost afraid of God, all-knowing and ever present. But as he meditates on God's wonderful care for him in his helplessness "the new current of ideas gathers strength until God's countless thoughts on his behalf have become to him a joy." He goes back to the opening words of his Psalm and turns them into a prayer and aspiration,

Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, and know my thoughts,
And see if there be any way of wickedness in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

Way of wickedness.—"Way leading to sorrow." The way everlasting.—"The way that shall endure."

Never let us be afraid of God. He loves us. His thoughts ever go out toward us. "He is not far from every one of us: for in Him we live and move and have our being." (Acts 17:27, 28) His love wraps us around. He understands us far better than we understand ourselves.

Thackeray speaks of those who "have but to will, and as it were, an invisible temple rises round them; their hearts can kneel down there; and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Councillor and Consoler." The experience is for us all.

Winfred Rhoades in *The Congregationalist* tells of an Indian who once heard that life depended on oxygen. On enquiring about this wonderful substance he received much puzzling information. At last he took his question to a man who had insight as well as knowledge.

"'Oxygen?' said this man, 'it is the mystery that holds you in life at all. You are in contact with it even while you ask me about it. I can't describe it to you, nor even to myself. I can't see it, any more than you can. But it is the breath of life that started you when you began to live at all. It is that in which you have lived and moved and had your being ever since. You couldn't live apart from it. It is in the air you breathe, the water you drink, the food you eat. Your part is to draw in the abundance and the stimulus of it continually'."

The writer says: "Get the habit of thinking of God in such a way as that all the while and in all places, and you make religion all over, and make life all over. Have you ever carefully analyzed the words of Psalm 139? God above all things, God beneath all things, God round about all things, God in all places, God present at all times, God near under all circumstances, God caring for each individual at all times—that is the sublime and transforming conception. You cannot go so far as to get out of God's enfolding life; you cannot be separated from him except by your own volition. No trouble is so black, no difficulty so enormous, that God is not there. You may not feel aware of him today as you did yesterday, but he is there just the same. Your life is involved in the life of God."

QUESTIONS

1. What does "beset" mean?
2. "Laid thine hand upon me." Give another translation of these words.
3. Whither shall I go.—Complete the verse.
4. If I take.—Complete the sentence.
5. What is the teaching of this Psalm?
6. Did this thought make the Psalmist joyful?
7. Search me, O God.—Complete the sentence.
8. If a man love me.—Complete the verse.

"Not Much of a Dog?"

By 'Yarn-Spinner'

For the Messenger

THE STORY SO FAR

Seeking shelter from a rainstorm in the mountains near their Scout camp "Dutch Pete" and Tony Mantelli meet adventure in the form of six German conspirators in a deserted cabin. Pete goes for help and Tony faces the enemy alone, except for his dog, Bruce.

THE door opened and six men poured out. One had a revolver. There was a flash, a report, and a bullet struck the gallery railing an inch over Tony's head.

The boy was on his feet in a moment. A chair flung along the gallery caught the fair man on the shin. He stumbled and another toppled over him. Bruce darted biting and snarling among the other men.

"Come on, Bruce," shouted Tony and leaped from the veranda in among the trees. Scar-face and the others followed him and torches flashed in all directions.

* * *

THEN began a glorious game of hide-and-seek, rendered the more lively by Bruce who, snapping and biting, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fun.

The men plunged hither and thither, grunting and fuming. More than once a shot spat through the darkness, but the target was too uncertain and elusive for good shooting.

Then Tony went wild. Always the best gymnast in St. Peter's, he swung himself up among the trees like another Tarzan. He shouted from one point, shrieked from another and howled from another. Bruce added to the din with his shrill barks.

The chase came to an abrupt conclusion. A dry branch gave way in Tony's hand and he came pitching to the ground. He was up again like a flash, but Scar-face was almost upon him. Tony threw himself forward, and the man fell over him. At the same moment Bruce had the fellow by the leg.

With his other foot Scar-face kicked at the dog. Reckless of consequences, Tony jumped at him, and man, boy and dog fell in a struggling, growling, yelling heap to the ground. The other men rushed to the help of their leader.

When Tony had gathered his wits together, he found himself in darkness and securely bound. Muttering voices from an adjoining room told him that the men were not far away. There was another sound. A series of short barks from outside the house. Tony felt that Bruce was sending him a word of encouragement.

* * *

PETE lying on the bank of the stream was awakened to consciousness by a cold nose thrust into his face. He sat up. Bruce snuggled up to him, wagging his tail in delight. Pete attempted to rise, but scorching pains shot through every muscle and he sank down again with a groan. Bruce whined in sympathy.

Pete fastened his Scout neckerchief firmly round the dog's neck. "Frank! Frank!" he said. "Go!"

Bruce gave a short bark, bounded up the bank and was gone.

* * *

JACK MANLEY had come up to Bruceville by the 9.45. The air was clearing as he stepped to the station platform. A deep but pleasant voice hailed him.

"You're Mr. Manley, I suppose. A couple of your boys were down here to meet the early train. I hope they didn't get caught in the storm. I would have driven them up to camp only my car was being repaired. I can take you up if you like."

As the two young men seated themselves in the car a dog came out of the darkness and leaped against the door. The dog wore a Scout neckerchief!

"Anything wrong with Tony and Pete?" asked Frank and Bruce answered him with a series of barks.

Soon the three were speeding up the highway, Bruce's tail wagging furiously in delight at being understood.

As they came to the stream at the camp road his barks seemed to take on a new meaning and he tried to get out of the car.

Frank stopped and they all got out. Following Bruce, they descended the gully. They found a boy with a badly wrenched ankle and carried him to the car. He told them briefly of Tony, the men and the cottage.

Frank threw his car into speed.

"I've been after those fellows," he said. "The most dangerous enemy agents in the country. They just escaped arrest in the city and I had information that they were in this neighborhood."

* * *

UP at St. Peter's Camp Scouter Doyle had been growing uneasy at the long-continued absence of Pete and Tony. They were to have returned promptly if Manley had not come by the afternoon train. The storm certainly might have delayed them, but even making allowance for it they should have got back to camp by this time. At last he could stand it no longer. He called to his P.L.'s.

"I'm going to run down to the village to see what's happened to Pete and Tony," he said. "You can come with me, Harry. It's about time for 'Lights Out' so the rest of you turn in and get your beauty sleep. Tom will take charge while I am away."

He and Harry Macaulay got into the car and soon they were making their way down the dark camp road.

Each car picked up the light of the other at almost the same time and the two drew up sharply near the entrance to the cottage trail. A word from Frank and Manley enlightened the others regarding the situation. Cautiously they advanced towards the cottage, Bruce apparently electing himself leader of the party.

A light burned in one room. One shutter had blown partly open. Inside they saw six men grouped round a boy in Scout uniform. His hands were bound, but his dark eyes flashed defiantly.

A big man with a scar held the boy's shoulder.

"You'll have to come with us, boy," he said.

"No!" rang out Frank's voice from the window.

"Hands up, everyone! You're all coming with *us!*"

* * *

FIVE pair of hands rose in the air.

Scar-face, however, rushed across the room and dived through the opposite window.

Bruce darted round the veranda to cut him off. Leaving Doyle and Harry in charge of the prisoners, Frank and Manley ran out to join in the chase.

They were in time to see Scar-face approach the edge of the plateau, Bruce at his heels. The man turned. At the same time his foot caught in a root and he rolled down the slope, crashed through the fence and plunged into the lake.

They scrambled down to the edge. Two or three yards out a struggling, plunging figure battled with a dog in the water.

Frank waded in and pulled him out.

"You are under arrest, Blomberg, and your friends, also," said Corporal Frank Harper, R.C.M.P.

They came up again to the level of the cottage. The whole company had gathered there, including Tony and Pete, who had hobbled from the car rather disappointed because he had "missed the fun."

"That's been a fine piece of work of yours," said Frank to the boys and Scouters, "This is the best haul we

(Please turn to Page 13.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

Many last-minute entries to our summer contest were enclosed with letters saying, "I would so like to own a Maple Leaf Badge—hope I am not too late."

So the Editors began to think that perhaps many more would still like to have the opportunity of winning a badge. And since our thoughts are still focussed on personal national service and since the Maple Leaf is our national emblem we shall continue our letter-writing contests, and those who are not yet possessors of a Maple Leaf Badge will still have an opportunity to win one.

The new contest which we are beginning will be in three parts. We will write letters on three special subjects, the first being:

"WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR?"

When sending in your letters on this subject state whether you own a Maple Leaf Badge; also be sure to state if you are the holder of one of our Northern Messenger push pencils.

We will then be able to arrange the letter-writers in classes something like this:

CLASS I.—Owners of N. M. pencil

CLASS II.—Owners of N. M. pencil and a Maple Leaf Badge.

CLASS III.—Owners of both pencil and badge who qualify in *one out of three subjects* of our new contest.

CLASS IV.—Those who have as yet won neither pencil nor badge, but who *qualify in all three* subjects of our new contest.

This gives everyone a chance.

* * *

Success on the first subject of this new contest will put you in Class I, entitling you to a Northern Messenger Pencil. Success on the second subject will entitle you to the Maple Leaf Badge of Class II. And if you succeed on the third subject you will be entitled to our neat little blue and white pin that will be awarded to all who qualify under Class III. We will tell you more about it later on. In the meantime get busy on the first subject,

"WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR?"

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Sandra Buchanan from Marjorie George

Dear Sandra,—Well, here I am at long last. I did not realize how long it was since I got your letter. So please excuse me. But with examinations and then holidays you know how it is.

I passed into Grade Nine with honors this year. Did you pass? I hope so! I will be taking French this year. I like art and music, too, but will not take them at school, though I hope to keep on with my music lessons.

In the past month we have been busy picking berries. Some of the fruits we get here are strawberries, raspberries, pin-cherries and saskatoons.

We have been having lovely rains this summer and they are very welcome. It is very good for the gardens and crops.

We had three colts this spring. They were Bobby, Ginger and Maud. Maud was sick, so we fed her milk out of a dish. Later she took a disease and died. Bobby is very quiet and likes to be petted. One day Daddy put a big collar on him and he did look cute.

Do you like reading books? I do! Some of my favorites are "Black Beauty", "Wide, Wide World" and "Little Women."

Have you any favorite hymns, and what are they? Some of mine are "Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me." "Blessed Assurance" and "O Happy Day."

I am saving all the letters that are written to me through the paper, are you?

I like riding horseback. We have one horse called Fly we ride quite a lot. Have you ever ridden a horse?

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

MARJORIE GEORGE

Honorable Mention

SHIRLEY BUNT

* *

How is your cat Fluffy and what color is it?

Hoping to hear from you again,
Your loving Chum,—Marjorie, Sask.

To Edna McIntosh

Dear Edna,—On reading your letter in the Messenger I decided to write to you. I am twelve years old—thirteen November 2. I am a bit older than you—eight months to be exact.

I am 5 ft. 1 in. height, also have fair hair and blue eyes. Speaking of fair hair, mine was once black, when I fell into a pail of black paint, head first. The paint came out after a few weeks.

I am in first form of high school. I had a man teacher last year and another one will teach me this year. I have four brothers and three sisters, two younger than myself. I have a dog—Bud, a cat—Mac and two young kittens without names.

My preferred sports are baseball and swimming in the summer and winter brings snowballing and skating.

I am another bookworm. I have read all the books you mentioned in your letter except for "Black Beauty" and "Dog of Flanders." I have also read most of Mark Twain's books for children. I also liked "Little Women" and "Little Men."

I shall say good-bye for now. Write again. Your friend,—Shirley Bunt, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a new one on this page. I am an eleven-year-old boy with grey eyes and dark brown hair. My birthday is Dec. 22 (so Mary Watts and I weren't far from being Christmas presents at that.)

I live in British Columbia. Our house is a big cement and brick house with a slate roof. There are two chicken houses, a barn and a woodshed. Also we have 19 acres of land.

My Grandpa just went away but will be back next November.

My favorite sports are swimming, boating, fishing, riding (a bike), and walking.

I hope I will get a letter from a boy or a girl soon. Goodbye for now. Yours sincerely,—Bobby Smith.

Ans.—Thank you for writing Bobby. Please do it again often, and get your friends to write too.

A man living in London called at a cat's-meat shop one morning, gave his address, and asked that a pennyworth be left there in the afternoon.

Some time later the vendor was surprised when the man rushed in and told him to cancel the order.

"What's the matter?" inquired the butcher. "Is your cat dead?"

"No, no, no," puffed the man, "he's caught a mouse."

The Last Crumb

By E. G. W.

For the Messenger

THERE were times when Marion was inclined to pout when her mother would say, "You may clear up the table, dear, and wash the dishes for me."

Marion was quite certain that she didn't like to wash dishes, and somewhere in the back of her mind, she reasoned that if she didn't do it, somebody else would.

She liked to have her hands soft and white like Betty Kent's. Betty's father was a rich man and they had servants who did all the work.

Marion thought it made her hands rough and grimy to wash dishes, and so she often pleaded an excuse such as "I've lessons to do, Mother," or "I was going to practise my music lesson now so as to be ready when the girls come along for me to go skating."

Marion became quite an expert at getting out of tasks she didn't want to do. She could even disappear quickly and remain out of sight until the need for her help was past. It really never occurred to her that she was shirking — and becoming a chronic shirk.

* * *

EVEN when she did crumb the table, she was very likely not to move everything, and to do it rather poorly; and when she washed the dishes, she wasn't particular to move everything on the drain board or around the sink, and to wipe it up and wash out the sink so there wouldn't be a crumb or a speck left. She would just hurry through and do the task in almost any kind of an old way.

* * *

THEN her Cousin Robin came to visit them. Robin was an only child and her father had a good deal of money. Just the same, when Robin finished her school, she decided to fit herself to do some kind of work so well that if need arose she could earn her own living. She went into a hospital and after a long period of study and training, she was graduated as a registered nurse.

Marion was quite proud of this good-looking, capable cousin of hers. She was quite surprised when the first morning after breakfast, Robin said,

"Now, Marion, suppose you and I put the dining room to rights and wash the dishes. Then we'll go upstairs and make the beds which are now airing. If your mother knows she can depend on us to do this work each morning, it will help her a lot, for she can go about doing other things without delay. Many hands, you know, make light work."

Marion could scarcely believe her eyes to see how careful Robin was that the table was properly cleared away, the cloth carefully shaken so as not to

ROBIN

muss it, everything put exactly in its place, and every crumb brushed up on the floor around the table.

"It takes a few minutes longer to do it properly than to be sloppy," smiled Robin. "but it's lots more fun, to say nothing of satisfaction."

Marion wasn't so sure about it, but she didn't argue the matter.

Then the way Robin washed the dishes was exactly the way Marion's mother had tried to teach her. Robin used plenty of hot water, and a nice creamy soap suds, and a clean dish cloth, and plenty of dry towels, and the dishes were well rinsed, and the drain board and near-by table wiped off dry and clean to receive the clean dishes. The dishes were first scraped and stacked, and all of one kind washed at a time. And sure enough, it was a real pleasure to do the work!

Then Robin washed her hands with warm water and a cake of bland white soap, and dried them carefully.

"Sometimes," she explained, "I keep a little bottle of soothing hand lotion near the kitchen sink and use a few drops of it while my hands are warm and clean. It keeps them soft and in good condition."

"Dish-washing makes my hands rough and red," complained Marion.

* * *

ROBIN shook her head.

"It doesn't need to, my dear," she said. "That must be because you use greasy dish water which isn't warm enough and do not rinse your dishes and take care of your hands afterwards. It's all a matter of doing things the right or the wrong way, whether they are enjoyable or not.

"If you were to go through hospital training, Marion, you would find that you would have to master many tasks which might not be so agreeable until you learned to do them quickly and properly. But somebody has to take care of sick folks and wash dishes and do the other practical duties which must be performed regularly.

"So I just took myself in hand when I would begin to draw back, and would say to myself, 'Come, come, Robin, you're no better to do these things than anybody else, and of course you're not going to be a shirker. Have the satisfaction of learning to do this thing well!"

* * *

MARION had good reason to think of these things during her Cousin Robin's visit, for each and every time Robin was just as painstaking, just as careful to finish up completely whatever she started.

Often she had some amusing little story to tell Marion as of the times that the superintendent would come into the different rooms in the hospital where the girls were in training, go about with a clean, white silk handkerchief, and swiftly wipe a ledge or the edge of a bit of furniture here and there. If the handkerchief showed soil, the nurse was not told where the dust was. She was simply sent back to do the work *all* over.

"But I don't think that would be fair," argued Marion when that story was told her.

"Oh, but it was perfectly fair," laughed Robin, "for if she had done the work as it ought to have been done the first time, she wouldn't have had to retrace her steps. Besides, if the superintendent discovered one or two dusty spots, it was safe to assume there were many more, and only a thorough cleaning would insure its being properly done. You know dust and dirt hold germs and are insanitary."

So Marion learned a new respect for everyday duties and tasks, and even after her Cousin Robin had gone, she exacted of herself a new and better standard of skill in all she had to do. Further than that, she no longer shirked even when she had the chance. And Marion found that it really was fun to know how to start and finish a piece of work in a manner of which she could be proud.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.— Washington Irving.

Porcupine Anne

By M. W. Fox.

For the Messenger.

ANNE'S father and mother spent two weeks every year in the woods. They had a little house there which they called a cabin—made of logs; but quite a cosy little house, with a fireplace in which a delightful fire crackled on chilly evenings.

When Anne was seven years old she coaxed her mother to take her with them. "All right," said her mother. "But if we take you we'll take Harry, too." Harry was Anne's three-year-old brother.

Then Anne coaxed to take her cat, Peter. So Peter, too, went to make his first acquaintance with the woods.

One day Peter had been off alone playing amongst the trees and came back to the cabin limping and meowing as though he were in great pain. He looked up at Anne with such a pitiful look that she knew at once something was wrong.

"Oh, Anne, please, please help me—I'm in such pain!" he was trying to tell her.

And right away Anne took Peter in her arms and said,

"Poor Peter, whatever is the matter?"

Peter lifted a paw, very slowly and painfully, still whining pitifully.

Anne looked at the soft cushion on the under part of Peter's paw and at once called out to her daddy,

"Oh, Daddy, come—come! Peter's got some white sharp things sticking in his paw and they're hurting awful!"

So in a minute Daddy was there examining Peter's paw.

"Why, they're porcupine quills!" exclaimed Daddy. "Poor thing! They sure must be hurting him—they're as sharp as needles and every time he put his paw down they went farther in."

Then he began, very carefully and gently, to try and pull out the quills, and oh, how poor Peter jerked and meowed in pain. At last Daddy had to get a pair of pinchers to help pull out the quills. But at last the horrid things were out and then how happy and relieved Peter was. He went racing about the yard as though half wild with delight, and then curled up in Anne's lap and purred so loudly (cats only purr when they are happy) that it might almost have been an aeroplane coming.

"Daddy, what are porcupine quills and what are they for?" asked Anne curiously.

"A porcupine is a queer sort of little animal that lives in the woods," said Daddy. "It has those queer sharp quills sticking out over its body, in amongst its fur, and when anyone comes up against the porcupine the sharp end of the quill sticks right into him—when he pulls away he pulls out the quill from the porcupine and carries it off with him—just can't help himself. Of course poor Peter did not know about this. Maybe he thought 'Porky' was some kind of a new style of cat when he put his paw on him. But I guess he'll keep away from porcupines after this."

* * *

A FEW days afterwards little Harry, who had been out playing amongst the trees with Anne, came crying into the cabin, evidently in great distress about something. He sobbed out,

"Oh, Mummy, Mummy! Anne said I was nasty and that nobody liked me—you or nobody. Oh, mummy, why don't nobody like me?" and it seemed as though the little fellow was nearly heart-broken.

Then his mother saw Anne coming in with a cross, ugly frown on her face. Just because Harry would not play the way she wanted him to. So mother opened the table drawer and took out the pinchers.

"Here, Anne, you'd better pull out the porcupine quills that you put into poor little Harry—they're hurting him terribly—making him cry, and all. Hurry! Don't let them get in any deeper—they're hurting him almost worse than Peter's did."

Anne looked terribly surprised.

"Why, mother, whatever do you mean?" she asked. "I'm not a porcupine. I haven't any quills. If I had I wouldn't stick them into Harry and hurt him—those horrid sharp things that hurt so."

"Oh, yes you are. *Another kind of porcupine.* A kind that sticks cross nasty words into people. And they go right into people's hearts and hurt their feelings. That's the kind of quills you stuck into poor little Harry, and see how they have hurt him! You can't pull them out with pinchers either, like you could Peter's."

So, after that whenever Anne started to say nasty things to anyone she stopped and said right out loud,

"I just won't be a porcupine kind of little girl and hurt people by sticking quills into them."

A Child's Prayer

"Jesu, tender Shepherd hear me
Bless Thy little lamb tonight
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning night."

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Surrounded, influenced.
2. "Put down over me Thy hand."
3. Psa. 139:7.
4. Psa. 139:9, 10.
5. That God is everywhere.
6. Yes. When he realized God's care for him.
7. Psa. 139:23, 24.
8. St. John 14:23.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. What is the longest word in the English language.
2. From what kind of springs does water never flow?
3. What has legs but no knees?
4. What bell can be seen but never rings.

—From Eleanor Clarke.

WHO IS HE?

Consort of a famous queen,
Monuments his name recall.
Letters six that name contains.
Change the first, reverse them all,
And—hey presto!—you will see
That they're multiplied by three.

JUMBLED SUBJECTS

The letters of each of the following words and phrases, if rearranged, spell the names of six subjects taught in school.

SHY RIOT	BAN TOY
OH GREY CAP	A LINT
HIS GLEN	MANGER

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddles Contributed by Chums—1. Because she kept her stock home. (Stockholm) 2. The elephant, because he had to pack his trunk.—Marion Malcolm, Que.

Crossword Puzzle—

Across	*Down*
1. Nine	1. Naamah
5. Stem	2. Naaman
8. Antioch	3. Endor
9. Atad	4. Lionlike
10. Aids	6. Thighs
11. Morning	5. Scant
12. Adar	7. Missed
14. Thee	13. Dead
16. Hen	15. Each
17. Win	17. Wise
19. Sad	18. News
20. Liken	21. Oaks
21. Odd	22. Done
23. Sew	24. Teil
24. The	27. Net
26. One	25. Eden
28. See	29. Era
30. Kine	31. A. B.
32. Ripe	
33. Ethbaal	

NOT MUCH OF A DOG?

(Continued from Page 9.)

have made since the beginning of the war."

"Don't forget to thank Bruce," said Tony, "I don't think we could have done much without him."

"Well, thank you, too, Bruce," smiled Frank; "I see that A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS—and a dog has proved a good friend to us all."

Bruce said nothing, but wagged his tail.

CRISIS AT PELICAN ISLE

(Continued from Page 2.)

wind buffeted him, even if, weighted down by what he was carrying, he swam low in the water.

He thought he'd never make it . . . but finally, he did.

And on the other side he worked. He took the broken timbers and hammered them, making a standard on which to hang the pulley. He tested it. Would the cable hold an old unwieldy scow, loaded with a truck? Would the tripod stand?

He swam back.

And when he was back at the other side, the men scoffed at his suggestion. "*You* go! You'll stay here!" said the driver of the truck that was going to be taken across first.

"I'm going over, the first time," Ed said.

"You've done enough!"

Enough! He had done no more than the others! Hadn't they also toiled out on the sand bars that hedged in the channel from the open sea, putting up that barricade that broke the force of the waves? And wern't six men even now pulling an unwieldy scow along, to get it in position, so the trucks could go down the sandy road, and along the causeway that remained, and be placed on board?

"I'll go," Ed said.

For, if the cable snapped, and the scow tilted, there would be danger to the one on board.

The driver scoffed, but Ed went with him.

It was quite a job loading the truck on the scow. And it was nerve-wracking to stand there wondering what would happen when the old donkey engine began to chug.

Would the cable wind up as it should and pull the scow across? Or would the cable snap?

Ed thought, once, that tripod he had erected on the far side would pull loose. If so, he'd have all his work to do again.

But the tripod held, the cable did not break, and the scow began to move.

One foot, two, it was jerked out from the shore. Then the going was easier.

And finally they were across.

Ed helped ease the truck off the scow and on to the road.

A shout went up. The shrimp were moving to market!

* * *

WIND . . . and a gray sky!

One hour, two, three, Ed worked.

"Take it easy!" he'd command. Or, "Put her in reverse, Bill!"

"I wish that fellow had stayed!" Bill shouted once, sending his words into the teeth of the gale.

Ed nodded. Say, a fellow who didn't know you were not licked, while you had the power to think, and plan, and while you had strength in your arms, didn't know much.

"I wish . . . he had stayed!"

* * *

MR. WHITE came down from Jacksonville as fast as his machine could carry him. A gale from the east, and rain, and roads under water! And yet his shrimp trucks were getting through.

"Listen," he said to Ed. "I got word that the power line was down."

It was. The power line had gone down in the first hour of the blow.

"And the trestle was out."

Ed grinned. His teeth flashed dazzlingly white compared to his oil-smeared face, and the dark rings under his eyes.

"There's the gap," Ed said. "If you want to go across I'll load your car on the scow when the last of the trucks makes the trip."

Mr. White looked at Ed. A gale that had crippled all the coast . . . waves that had washed out beaches . . . wrecked buildings . . . and yet his trucks were getting through!

Mr. White had thought that everything had gone to wrack and ruin.

No. Hardly.

"You see," Ed said, referring to the young fellow Mr. White had sent down to take charge, "he didn't understand. He was used to machinery, I guess. So when things broke, like the power line, and the conveyor, and when things got snarled up, he thought everything was gone. He didn't see the essential things were all right."

"The essentials?"

Ed nodded and looked at a group of tired, weary men, who had been fighting the battle with him. "The essentials," he said. "Loyalty, courage, co-

(Please turn to Page 16.)

Delicious Soups

Cook the thoroughly washed tender leaves of spinach without water over a slow fire until tender, then chop it fine. Put three cups milk in a double boiler with several slices of onion, one cup of the chopped spinach and a little sauce. Scald for twenty-five minutes and then remove the onion. Thicken slightly with two tablespoons flour blended with two tablespoons melted butter. Season to taste.

SAUERKRAUT SOUP

Have 1 pound smoked ham sliced thin, then cut in small pieces. Saute until it starts to brown in 2 tablespoons butter, then add 1-2 pound sauerkraut and 1-4 cup beef stock; cover and let braise for 20 minutes. Add 1 quart hot beef stock and 3 fresh tomatoes cut into wedges. Simmer for 20 minutes longer. Immediately before serving, add 2 teaspoons chopped parsley. Put 1 tablespoon sour cream in each plate of soup before serving. Served with thick slices of real Russian pumpernickle bread and sweet butter, this soup makes a meal in itself.

BEAN SOUP

Wash 1 1-2 cups red kidney beans or the small white navy beans. Soak overnight or several hours in cold water, then cook slowly with a ham hock and a clove of garlic until the beans begin to get soft. Add salt to taste and continue cooking until very tender. Press the beans through a sieve to make a medium thick puree. Slice and skin frankfurters and add to the puree. Heat thoroughly and serve.

CREAMY CHICKEN HASH

This is a delicious way to use left-over chicken. If you do not have enough chicken to make two cups open a tiny tin of chicken and add its contents to what you have. Heat two tablespoons fat, blend in two tablespoons flour and add two-thirds cup each of milk and chicken stock. Add two cups of cooked chicken, chopped fine, one-half teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a grating of onion. Stir in two beaten eggs. Turn into a greased shallow baking dish and pipe freshly mashed potatoes around the border. Brown lightly in a hot oven.

Perspective in Child Guidance

LYDIA LION ROBERTS

"MOTHER, don't you get discouraged trying to make me into a nice girl?" said Bernice soberly at the end of a day which had been unfortunate in several incidents.

"Not a bit," was the prompt and smiling reply. "It is happy work, helping you to grow up. It is like gardening."

"O, I like gardening!"

"Yes, Bernice, so do I, especially this kind. Instead of flowers, a mother is a gardener of children. We try to help each of our boys and girls to grow straight and strong and as lovely as a flower. It takes time to grow a beautiful plant or a great tree, and so, it takes years to make a little girl into a lovely woman."

"It takes a lot of patience, too, Mother. I thought our avocados would never come up!"

"All gardeners must have patience, whether they are creating a beautiful scene of trees, flowers or shrubbery, or helping a little girl or boy to develop into a gracious woman or a fine man. When a gardener puts a little brown seed into the ground, he does not expect to see it blossom the next day, and so neither do I expect you to be a charming woman all at once. When we look at the seeds we put into our gardens, we do not see only those queer little hard things, do we? We see, mentally, the straight stem, shining leaves and beautiful blossoms they will become.

"So when I look at you, I do not see only a little girl who was not quite as good today as she meant to be and who sometimes makes mistakes, but I see you growing sweeter and finer year after year until you become a loving and lovable woman. And every stage of growth, dear, has a loveliness of its own. The early growth, the later development, the buds and the blossoms, are all so beautiful."

"Oh, Mother, if that's the way you see me I'll try hard to be that way," said Bernice earnestly. "I like to look at myself through your eyes."

Sometimes mothers and fathers forget that no perfect and vital thing is ever built or created in a moment's time. They should not be disheartened if their little girl or boy does not respond immediately to their efforts. To attain the proper perspective, the long view of child development is necessary; it includes holding fast to patience, understanding and faith.

"The making of a great picture requires not merely canvas, paint, time, thought and stroke after stroke, but the artist must hold continuously in his mind and heart the vision he would portray, until he has finished his task.

So the parent must realize that his effort plus many other factors must go into child development; that Bobby as he was today is not Bobby the whole man; that Betty's mistake of yesterday or difficulties of tomorrow are only part of the complete picture. And the efforts put forth to help any child are only steps in what must necessarily be a long process of patient, persistent and enlightened endeavor if, both in the ever-changing present and in the future, satisfactory results are to be achieved.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

THE RING OF LOVE

By Rudolf Hertz

SINCE I love you and you love me
And God the Father loves us all,
We have a ring of love, so free
And yet so strong, there is no call
To fear nor man nor circumstance;
For neither would have any chance
To break this ring
With anything.
Not poisoned breath,
Not sudden death
Can even tarnish it as long
As sacrifice and love's our song.
Oh, that our ring of love might be
A sample of that greater love
That gave us immortality
When Jesus left his home above.
With God allied,
He lived and died
And rose again
To save all men.

—Advance.

THE PSALMS

What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? . . . Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, universal patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be known or done or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth.—Richard Hooker (1553—1600)

"Charity begins at home" and few ever get beyond the beginning stage.

Northern Messenger

September 6, 1940.

FLASHLIGHTS ON THE NEWS

Readers and Editors Facing Together the Torrent of World Events - - and Finding the Next Step Forward

A DAY OF PRAYER

THE following statement has been issued by Prime Minister Mackenzie King:

His Majesty the King has expressed the desire that Sunday, Sept. 8, being the first Sunday of the anniversary of the outbreak of war, should be observed in the United Kingdom as a day of National Prayer. His Majesty's Government in Canada believes that Canadians generally will desire to associate themselves with the people of the United Kingdom in this observance. The Government, therefore, requests the clergy of all churches in Canada to arrange in preparing for services on Sunday, Sept. 8, that the day shall be observed by their congregations as a day of National Prayer and intercession.

"Hezekiah prayed before the Lord and said, . . . Lord bow down thine ear and hear: open Lord thine eyes, and see: and hear the words of Sennacherib, who has sent (his general) to reproach the living God . . .

"Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only."

We must not only pray for deliverance but that we may prove worthy of that deliverance and of the trust that God puts in us. The call to us is "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you."

It would be a poor thing, a mean and most un-Christian thing, if we should come to God in our troubles and forget Him once He has saved us, a day of prayer and intercession for the nation, to attain its chief object must be a day of confession and consecration for each of us.

President Roosevelt also calls his nation to prayer on the same day, Sunday, September 8th.

Not that it will change the mind of God. Absolute right does not change. But prayer brings the suppliant into direct relation and harmony with God and with absolute right and absolute might and that is itself the answer to prayer. For then things begin to happen according to God's Will.

HITLER & Co. DEFEAT THEMSELVES

WONDERFUL things are happening. A most thrilling chapter is being written, in blood, in the history of the human race. From one angle it is indeed a very terrible chapter, in which the villain of the plot seems to get all his own way, utterly reckless of the cost of life and destruction of so much that all decent folk hold precious.

But God is making even the wrath of man to praise Him. The very things that Hitler & Co. are trying to destroy, God is using Hitler & Co. actually to build up. Today's chapter in the world's history will match some of the greatest chapters of the Bible that tell of God's dealing with men.

Take for instance, the getting together for mutual defence of Canada and the United States and of the British Empire and the great American people.

Who can doubt that these voluntary agreements between self-respecting and mutually respecting peoples inspired by God will endure after the enforced unity through conquest and frightfulness imposed by dictators shall have passed as a horrid nightmare.

Who can doubt that the experiment in voluntary co-operation for defence and sustenance, prompted by war-time necessities, will develop into permanent goodwill and cooperation that will prove so advantageous that other nations will seek to share in it.

Who can doubt that even the peoples under the most effective dictatorships will revolt when they realize the contrast between their estate based on frightfulness and the estate of peoples based on goodwill.

Piercing the blackout is the eternal truth that God reigns and overrules even man's blasphemous rebellion against Him.

Pity that the British and American peoples had to learn the lesson of international brotherhood at such a terrible cost. How much greater the pity if you and I and the world at large should miss any part of a lesson that is costing so much.

Let us determinedly look through the blackout to the dawn when the whole world shall be a voluntary federation under the direction of God. The Holy Spirit is the one unifying force, the one Dictator under whom all men can find peace and permanence of unity. Only the enemies of God will dispute that.

FRANCE'S INTERNAL FOE

MILITARY authorities in France declare that alcoholism was a main cause of the collapse of France under the German attack. A spokesman for the new Government of France attributes the disastrous era of intoxication to the relative idleness of the soldiers during the first eight months of the war. He declared that a single hospital in the Fourth Army had 814 cases of delirium tremens during January and that social diseases were rife. He said that soldiers whose nerves were unstrung by those evils broke down at the appearance of German tanks and the noise of German dive-bombers and their "whistling" bombs. Largely to these twin evils he attributed the fact that army hospitalization was twenty times greater during the war so far than in the Great War.

Hence Marshal Petain's Government have forbidden altogether the most poisonous liquors and have greatly restricted the sale and use of other alcoholic beverages.

(Please turn to Page 16.)

SO MUCH for a country of which it used to be claimed that "everybody drank but everybody was temperate."

But how about Canada, Great Britain and the United States? Are these countries and their soldiers, as a class, not in much danger of being weakened and betrayed by the same evils?

And what's to do about it? You and I cannot decree that our Government forbid and our armies refrain from the undermining use of alcoholic beverages. But we can, each one, determine in his or her heart that we shall not compromise with alcoholic beverages, reckoning that alcohol is one of the meanest and most degrading of masters and a more dangerous foe even than Hitler, Mussolini and Co. The enemy within is always the most treacherous and dangerous.

CRISIS AT PELICAN ISLE

(Continued from Page 13.)

operation. Those are the things that count. It isn't what a man has to work with . . . it's what he is."

Mr. White was looking at Ed, and thinking, "I never thought of him! I had to be in Jacksonville, and I had to have someone in charge, but . . ."

"Ed," he said suddenly, "how would you like the job?"

"The one the young fellow had?"

"Yes."

"But I don't know much about machinery," Ed said.

It was Mr. White's turn. "You may not know much about those things," he said, "but you seem to know about the things that count—in a crisis. What about it? Do you want to be in charge?"

It was Will who answered for Ed.

"Whether he wants to be or not," Will said, "make him take the job. The men want him."

"All across!" someone yelled. The last of the trucks was on its way to where a market called for shrimp.

If YOU find the NORTHERN MESSENGER both interesting and inspiring you may feel guided to pass on this copy to some Sunday School friend who may not know of our special ON TRIAL offer of thirteen weeks for 9 cts per scholar instead of the regular 13 cts—per quarter year.

REVENGE!

HE tossed restlessly on his wooden bed in the hospital ward, this magnificent figure of an Afghan tribesman. The bandages round his head told their tragic story—he had been ambushed by men who had a feud against his family, attacked, and seriously wounded in the eyes. Left for dead, he had been picked up by passing travellers, and brought to Bannu Hospital, on the borders of the wild frontier lands.

The man raised himself, and cried hoarsely; the doctor came to him at once.

"Sahib, sahib," pleaded the wounded man fiercely, "give me my sight. Give me sight, if but for a week; let me see again, for just long enough to find and kill the man who did this. I know him, who he is. Let me have my revenge, and I care not if I am blind for the rest of my days."

"Softly, friend," said the doctor. He spoke the man's own language like an Afghan. "Know you where they have brought you? This is the Christian hospital; our Master bids a man forgive his enemies. It will be several weeks before those bandages can be taken from your eyes. I will come back this evening and tell you a tale of feud and bloodshed, a tale of your own mountains, a tale of a great revenge. Till then, try to rest."

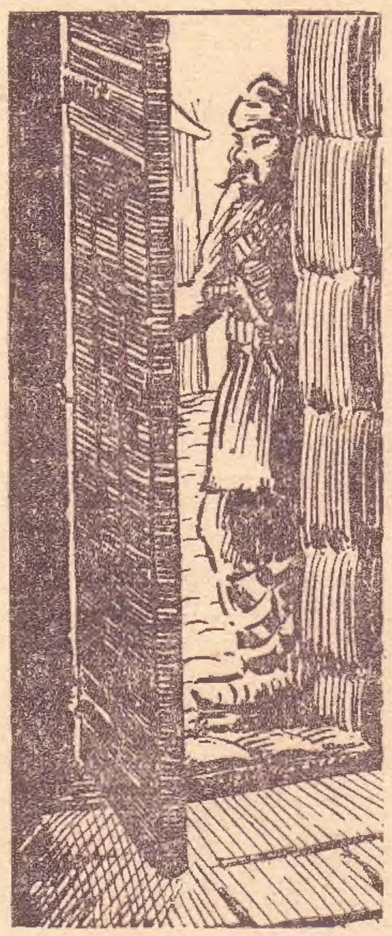
That evening the doctor came as he had promised, and sat down again beside the wounded Afghan. Others in the ward who were able to walk drew round, to listen to the promised tale. And this is what they heard.

* * *

"SOME years ago," said the doctor, "the British Raj sent over these mountains a white man, named Captain Connolly. He came to a certain State, where the ruler accused him of being a spy. Though he was, in truth, no spy, but a true envoy, Captain Connolly was thrown into prison.

"In the prison, Captain Connolly found another Englishman, a man named Stoddart. Together they faced the terrors of that jail. They were kept in a small, foul cell. All but the clothes they were wearing were taken from them. They had little to eat, less to drink, and no water for washing. Month after month went by, and still the two of them lay in that foul place.

"But in the pocket of the coat one of them wore was a tiny book. It was what we call a prayer book—a book of the prayers to God, the Great and Loving, such as are said in our own land Sunday by Sunday in the assemblies of true worshippers. This book the two men read, and it comforted them. And on the margins of this little book the prayers they wrote, in tiny letters, the things they were enduring.



"Nearly a year passed. Then these two men, who had done no evil thing, were taken into a public place and beaten with heavy sticks. Then they saw two graves dug. Finally, they were both beheaded."

"That these things had happened in this way," continued the doctor, "no one beyond that little tribe knew. The friends of the two men, having no news, waited in anxiety which slowly turned to sorrow.

"TWENTY-ONE years went by. Then, far away beyond the mountains, a Russian officer walked through the streets of the city of Bokhara, and stopped to turn over the wares in a curio shop. In a pile of rubbish he found a small English book of prayers, with writing on the margins.

"The Russian bought the book. There was an address in it; he sent the book to this address, which was of a woman in England. The woman was the sister of Captain Connolly.

"She turned the pages of the little book, and on the margins she read the story of the terrible things that had happened to her brother. She caused enquiries to be made, and the tale of his death was brought to light. Then she made up her mind to have her revenge."

The doctor paused. The listeners waited, breathless; the man with the bandaged eyes was sitting up and leaning forward.

"She was not rich," continued the doctor. "She gathered what money she had, and sent it to this hospital. 'Let there be in the hospital for all time,' she said, 'a bed where Afghan men who are hurt or ill may be cared for and healed. This I do in memory of my brother, who suffered and died in Afghanistan.' "

The doctor laid a hand on the shoulder of the patient.

"It is on this bed you are lying, friend," he said, quietly. "It is by the revenge of Captain Connolly's sister that you are being healed."—Methodist Recorder.